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THE
VISION
OF THE
TWO BROTHERS,
Ebenezer and Ralph.

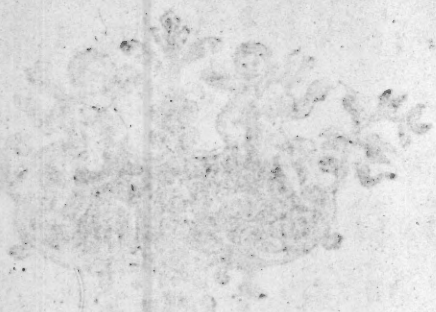
To which is subjoin'd
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Kinsman to the famous *Nostradamus*, found
among the Duke of Orleans's MSS. and tran-
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GLASGOW,
Printed in the Year MDCCXXXVII.

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G. & S. G. O. W.
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THE VISION, &c.

N E’ER more is Satan pleas’d, malicious Toad,
Than when he plays his Pranks with Men
of GOD;
Not that the Conquest is a mighty Task,
(For Priests of all Religions wear a Mask)
But as they lead the People by the Nose,
And can, with Freedom, of their Souls dispose,
When once a Son of *Levi* is reduc’d,
Some Thousands more are by his Means seduc’d.
To bring a Wholesale Bargain then about,
Thus the *fly* Fox his hellish Scheme laid out;
To *Stirling*, first, a stiddy Course he steers,
And to the Priest, as old *John Knox*, appears;
Declares ‘He will GOD’s Vengeance on him draw,
& If he submit to this *Porteousian* Law,

‘ By

' By which we're of our Privileges stript;
 ' Tho' for them oft our Hands in Blood were dipt.'
 Spoke the Fiend; and, with delusive Art,
 Warms to Rebellion *Ebenezer's* Heart,
 Sure, once the Poison gain'd the godly Man;
 Th' Infection soon wou'd spread through all the *Clan*,
 And, to escape imaginary Evil,
 He'd drive himself, and others, to the Devil.
 This Point secur'd, old *Bob* wish'd him good Night;
 And to *Dumfermling* wing'd his rapid Flight.
 Scarce had grim *Ralph* hum'd o'er a Psalm or Two,
 When wide his Door, and up his Curtains flew,
 And strait the Phantom offer'd to his View.
 At first it put him in a deadly Fright,
 Tho' he had got a hearty Dose that Night.
 ' Just now with *Knox* thy Brother's House is blest,
 ' And, *Calvin* I, am sent to be thy Guest;
 ' Our Errand is the same. The good old Cause,
 ' To the last Period of Existence draws,
 ' By *I*——'s Projects, model'd into Laws.
 ' So soon as yellow Morning gilds the Sky,
 ' Let winged Haste to *Stirling* thee convey,

With

' With thy great Brother there in Council sit,
 ' And to his Judgment join thy sprightly Wit;
 ' Let him and you lead out the holy Bands;
 ' And act, with Vigour, what the LORD commands.
 This said, he groan'd, and sudden disappear'd,
 And left the Priest with Sweat and — besmear'd;
 Yet, not unmindful of the strict Command,
 Next Day to *Stirling* drives with Spur and Wand;
 Where, after *Whisky*, *Seak*, and good *Strong Ale*,
 (To comfort *Ralph*, who look'd extremely pale)
 Good *Ebenezer* thus began his Tale.
 ' Last Night as I my Candle had put out,
 ' And to soft Sleep my weary'd Eyes had shut;
 ' Stretch'd on my Back, I beg'd the LORD of Hosts
 ' To guard me from Hobgoblins, and from Ghosts.
 ' What with my Prayer, and true sound *Fifty Nine*,
 ' (A Present from a holy Aunt of mine)
 ' I had the Prospect of a happy Night,
 ' But, O! how seldom Mortals judge aright.
 ' Sunk in my Bed of Down, at Ease and Peace,
 ' My Head with *Wine*, my Soul inspir'd with *Grace*,
 ' Behold a *Spectre* star'd me in the Face.

' The livid Lightnings flashed from his Eyes,
 ' And briny Streams ran rushing down my Thighs;
 ' I felt the Pains of Wretches squeez'd in Stocks,
 ' 'Till it call'd out, I am thy Friend *John Knox*.
 ' Go *Eben*. — tell the covenanted Bands;
 ' (With whom my Tenets are as GOD's Commands)
 ' That now, alas! the fatal Time draws nigh,
 ' When *Presbytery* must droop its Head and die;
 ' Unless the brave Recusants of this Act,
 ' Shall covenant and solemnly contract,
 ' To preach aloud against pernicious Laws;
 ' Not only that, but fight for the good Cause.
 ' In Days of old, their Fathers took the Rod;
 ' And whipt their Princes for the Cause of GOD.
 ' Just so — but hold — the Monarch now who reigns;
 ' Knows not their Case, so cannot feel their Pains;
 ' Were he a Prince, whose base degen'rate Mind
 ' Was dragg'd along with Lusts of every Kind;
 ' A Robber, who full oft, with a high Hand,
 ' Transports their Wealth t'enrich a foreign Land;
 ' A Husband faithless to a buxom Wife,
 ' And only constant in a whoring Life;

' A Father jealous of a harmless Youth;
 ' By Nature gentle, if we speak the Truth;
 ' Or were his Temper such, that none could bear
 ' To pay a Levee more than once a Year,
 ' But Ministers and Slaves, whom he may huff,
 ' And, when his Passion's up, ev'n kick and cuff,
 ' The after Scene to burning of a Wig,
 ' Or dancing on the plumed Hat, a Jig.
 ' Then might they with a C——a sing,
 ' *Morbleu* thou hast too too *Courage*, our King.

" *Chimeras all, from Disaffection bred,*
 " *And by Malignants through the Nation spread;*
 " *For he who knows the Source and Spring of*
 Things,
 " *And penetrates into the Hearts of Kings,*
 " *Declares — but hark — the Cock begins to*
 crow,
 " *I must be gone. Now let thy Trumpet blow."*

Ralph heard him out, then shook his Sign-Post Head,
 And told him gravely, ' *This is odd indeed;*

' I fear

' I fear your *Knox* is but a rotten Saint,
 ' Profoundly vers'd in our great Art of Cant;
 ' 'Tis true, his first Appearance on the Scene,
 ' Is grave and gracious, Gospel-like and plain;
 ' But then his *Weres*, as Suppositions brought,
 ' Are with such fly and artful Malice wrought,
 ' That were I put to *Tortures* of the Rack,
 ' I'd swear him a rank Devil or a Jack:
 ' Yet, notwithstanding, I'll reject the Act.
 ' Not that, in Conscience, I'm against this Law,
 ' But of some Bigots that I stand in Awe,
 ' Whom, should we, in those drumly Times, provoke
 ' To draw their Necks out of our heavy Yoke,
 ' Then all our Schemes must vanish into Smoke.
 ' These are my Thoughts. Now, Brother, speak your Mind,
 ' And let us see what Stratagem you'll find,
 ' To reconcile your Conscience with the Laws,
 ' And still remain the *Hero* of our Cause.
 ' I have it, *Ralph*, you know I am a Quack,
 ' I'll mount the Stage, and read this bugbear Act;
 ' I'll bawl it out with thund'ring Voice and strong,
 ' And lash it soundly as I go along;

: Thus

Thus shall I laugh at *I—*, and at *Bob*,
 And still preserve my Credit with the Mob.

“Thou wondrous Man, in Extasy, cries Ralph,
 “Compared to thee, I’m but a downright Calf;
 “Nor Loyola, nor all the Jesuit Clan,
 “Can match thee in contriving of a Plan;
 “May Success still attend thy noble Care,
 “And may I always in thy Fortune share.”



1720 [10]
La PROPHECIE de Monsieur DESMARETS,

Predite en 1647.

A 40 fois 43, addons 17;

L'an de Nostredamus se trouve complet.

L'Aigle vers la Lune prend fierement son vol,

Projet lunatique, entreprise frivole ;

Lorsqu'il sera loin, je le vois, je le dis,

Le Dauphin, sort de l'eau, depouille son nids,

En vain les oiseaux alliés à sa maison,

Pretendent-ils s'opposer au fier poisson.

Ainsi voit-on la Croix au bout du pal,

Contrainte à s'abaisser au queue du Cheval,

Alors dans une isle trafiquante & belle,

D'une Reine en courroux, voit la nouvelle,

Un peuple irrité pousse loin sa vengeance,

Et dans sa fureur erige une potence,

Et contre les ordres de cette Reine redoutable,

Traine au supplice un homme miserable ;

Dans les suites funestes de ces scenes sanglantes,

Je vois des temples desolées & vacantes,

Des hommes en furie, & des femmes pleurantes.

Le temps s'approche, & malgre qu'on en dise,

3 fois 3 les meneront à la crise.

